

THE TIMES DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE

Shimmering Yellow Gown Parasol, Hose and Gloves, Show Oddities in Fashion

Futuristic Parasol, Leghorn Hat, Peasant Bodice, Ruffled Skirt, Buttoned Stockings, and Single Earring.

Now Isn't She Odd?

By MARGARET MASON.

Odds bodice! but the styles are odd! It's hard to pick the odder. Yet that is most odd, perhaps, which is discreet and modest.

NEW YORK, March 18.—Oddity seems to be the best commodity of the season. The follower of fashion who likes to be stared at as being dashingly different and original certainly has a wide field to choose from. Taken from the tips of her toes to the top of her head, she can find a host of oddities with perfect impunity.

Beginning at the top and working down, the oddest up-to-date in the leghorn hat with the transparent drooping veil through which the wearer's eyes peer out seductively. Even topping the hat for oddity, however, comes the flat many-ribbed parasol of far-away Japan. These silk replicas of Japanese paper originals are the quintessence of quaintness. They are shown entirely covered in gaudy floral or with a gayly figured center and a plain silk border. Some are all of one toned silk with an embroidered motif like those found upon a Japanese screen, a flight of yellow swallows across a purple sky or dragon flies flitting over a field of yellow.

Extends to Skirts.
The pagoda parasols in black and white and blue and white stripe combinations are losing their novelty through repetition for the last two seasons, but the square parasol adds a new odd note this year, as does also the transparent parasol of net, a fluff with countless ruffles or dainty-buffed satin ribbons. Surely these parasols are the oddest things under the sun, while the peeled hair of the French roll coiffure continues as the oddest of all things under the hat.

The ruff of pleated white tulle that stands out stiffly under the chin and fastens over the otherwise perfectly bare throat is certainly odd enough to suit any one, ever the most finicky, and

then there's the peasant bodice with its V-shaped point in front that is laced up the front like a regular corset. It is when you reach the skirt, however, that oddness fairly runs riot. There is the crinoline skirt, the skirt flared out around the hips to the ankles, the skirt with the apron effect in front, and the flippant skirt that is just one ruffle after another.

A stocking so odd that it is positively weird is one with gold braid and tiny gold buttons running up one side to the calf. The braid then runs around the leg with a gold tassel right in the front, the whole effect being a simulation of a high colored shoe. Isn't that the limit?

In Liquid Sunshine.
Then there are the endless odd varieties of low and high shoes with insets of light leather outlining a tiny pointed tip of black patent kid. The heel and back of a pump of one color and the vamp of black kid with a piping of the color around the top and every combination that human ingenuity can cobble.

Verily, with such a wide scope of oddness to choose from, it does seem queer how dour and stern some women are forced to wear just one earring at a time to attract attention. Just while yellow has always been under a sort of stigma is hard to account for now that it has been welcomed into the arms of fashion as one of the most charming tints of the season. Sunshine, beaten gold and fields of ripened wheat are only a few of the lovely things it now reminds us of. Exquisite are the yellow, cream de chine negligees, the pussy willow taffeta and crepe lingerie in maize tints. Beautiful are the gossamer of shimmering yellow satin and the hats and parasols, blouses, stockings, slippers, and gloves all in the color of liquid sunshine. It truly is to all those who have an eye for the beautiful and artistic to forget its jaundiced past and with a welcoming smile say, "Hello, yellow."

Women Urge Vocational Training For Children in Capital's Schools

Representatives of Many Organizations Are Heard By Board of Education.

By J. R. HILDEBRAND.

Earnest pleas that the Board of Education take some definite steps toward vocational education in public schools were made at the meeting of the Board of Education a few days ago. One of the most interesting appeals in behalf of vocational training was made by Anna B. Sloane, a native of Sweden, who has studied vocational training methods in that country.

Mrs. Sloane Opens Discussion.
Mrs. Sloane read a paper opening the discussion which brought forth applause and audible expressions of appreciation from members of the board. Other speakers talked without notes. "Mr. Rosenbaum, president of a big clothing concern," said Mrs. Sloane, "spoke before the New York board of factory investigators, and said 50 per cent of the graduates of New York schools were unfit for any kind of work, and that of the other 50 per cent, 30 per cent had to be dropped after trial by employers because of their inability to learn a trade."

"The fault for such a condition lies not with the officials or teachers of schools," she said, "but with the school system, which now is thoroughly out of touch with the ever-changing conditions about it."

After the period between twelve and fourteen years, Mrs. Sloane said, it becomes increasingly difficult for a boy or girl to acquire a complete correlation between brain and hands. She said the mistake made where some vocational education is being tried is in delaying it until too late in the pupils' life.

Any Training Valuable.
"Teach a child a vocation," she continued, "and even if he wishes to change it later no harm will be done. The training will be as valuable as algebra, which no one pretends is going to be useful to him."

In Chicago, according to Mrs. Sloane, children are receiving instruction in various vocations. Their training is begun in primary grades. It includes house building, carpentry, work in metal, metal work, plumbing, and mechanical drawing for boys; and cooking, dressmaking, millinery, and other forms of domestic science for girls.

"Such education has a higher value than mere bread-winning," Mrs. Sloane asserted. "We need to teach children the difference between information and education, between joy and pleasure. Pleasure is only a sense of satisfaction, like candy, may be agreeable for the moment, but is bad mental food. The craving for motion picture entertainment is a lack of mental and spiritual qualities."

"Children need to be taught true values in life. They need a sense of duty, a sense of responsibility, a sense of pride in their work. A child who prepares food is a more valuable member of society than his mistress who sits in a room and waits for a servant to do something equally valuable."

Have Right Instinct.
"Children also should be helped to distinguish between recreation that requires active participation of mind and body instead of that which creates mental picture films. Children have the right instinct in this regard; they wish to do, to work, to create, and to make things to work for definite results."

School farms in one plan Mrs. Sloane advocated for Washington. Suburban farms, she pointed out, run to the country and back to the city. They are open to town, and run in again empty in the evenings after taking them home. On these farms the child could be utilized, she believed, in conveying school children to these farms. The children themselves could build small shops, cottages, laboratories, and so on. She believed the products of these farms would more than pay the \$1,000 annual salary of an instructor from the



MRS. ANNA B. SLOANE.

Bureau of Experiment Stations, of the Department of Agriculture. She cited cases where \$300 and \$400 had been cleared per acre from ground planted with potatoes. She would have the farms include bee and flower culture, tomato growing, truck gardening, fruit growing, poultry raising, and corn and wheat growing.

Would Ask Children's Choice.
"Finally, such a system of vocational training would be far from complete without intelligent vocational guidance. Teachers should ask children what occupation they wish to follow, and should make them write out the reasons for such a choice. Parents should be consulted. A survey of occupations should be made, the chances of getting employment in various fields should be learned, and the opportunities of advancement

Advice To Girls

By ANNIE LAURIE.

Dear Annie Laurie: I am employed in a bank here, and am shut in from 7:30 every morning until 7:30 at night, and rarely have any time to myself. I am very bashful, and do not know many young people. There is a girl that I think is very nice, and I would like to get acquainted with her, but on account of my bashfulness and lack of time I do not know how I am to meet her. Can you help me out?

Now, young man, you go and get acquainted with that girl. She's probably crazy to know you. You must know some one who is acquainted with her. Tell them that you want to meet that girl, and then meet her; the rest will take care of itself. It's as natural for a young man to want to meet a young woman as it is for him to breathe. Don't put it off a day longer. A young man without a sweetheart is a young man who is nothing in particular to live for. Do something about your letter that makes me like you, too. Try it and see. Find out what church she goes to. Find out who her friends are. Find out where she lives. Get acquainted with them. You'll have lots of fun planning the whole thing out. Get right at it, and let us know how you succeed.

Dear Annie Laurie: I have been going about with a boy for some time, to whom I was engaged to be married. But a short time ago we had some trouble at the Smallwood School, and our engagement was broken.

What shall I do, as I feel I can never be happy away from him? He comes to see me at the house, but never takes me anywhere. He says he still thinks more of me than any other girl, but will not renew our engagement. It was my fault that we quarreled. But I think he could forget it if he loved me. I love him, and I hope for him to come back. I am eighteen.

A HEART-BROKEN GIRL.

An Embarrassing Silence.
And quite suddenly Mary went into hysterics and fell to crying and shaking so badly that I pushed Hugh away and helped her into the car. I wondered what was the matter with us all that this moonlight night had held up to so much of eccentric emotion.

"I—I was so frightened, Peter," cried my wife, trembling, but somehow I had a feeling that there was something more back of it all. Was Mary jealous of Joan again—really jealous?

Hugh climbed into the front seat with Joan, and a stiff silence fell upon us all. It came over me strongly as I sat there a human atom in. What was Joan thinking, and what, Hugh? And what, most of all, my wife, trembling and fearful, upon the seat beside me? We were so typically sealed in thought from one another as Egyptian tombs. I at least had a sense of toying with dynamic forces which I had not understood, but which might rise and destroy me.

"It is possible," I thought, with a cold feeling of fear about my heart, "for a man to love his wife devotedly and yet drift away upon the magnetic charm of such a girl as Joan." But in it is possible, after all? If I loved Mary as I should, but I glanced at Mary's lovely face, white in the moonlight, and experienced a thrill of tenderness.

Mary, I felt, could not drift in thought, even away from me. Unlike, I could not eliminate Joan from my mind.

I slipped my arm around my wife's shoulder. She glanced up, smiled a little, but was curiously unresponsive. Joan and Hugh sat like statues upon the front seat as we drove on.

School System Said To Be Out of Touch With Ever- Changing Conditions.

investigated for the pupils' benefit. "There should be one psychologist, one child psychologist, on every board of education," said Miss Elizabeth Timlow, president of the Cloverdale School. "School officials do not seem to realize that the child mind is harder to train than that of the older child. If they do, they do not act on that knowledge. In my own school those teachers who deal with very young children receive more pay than those who handle older ones. The same should be true of public schools. Instead, inexperienced teachers often are placed in charge of the small children to work their way up to teaching older ones. Experienced teachers should be conserved for the very young children."

Draws Comparison.
Mrs. Binspe drew a comparison of boys and girls who come out of schools unprepared for any vocation, and go about merely looking for "a job," with those who are trained for some particular vocation. "I talked to 212 young women behind counters in stores," she stated, "and each said she was there because she knew of nothing else she could do. Of 200 men the world considers successful, 100 men they would be thankful if they had to live their life over again for an opportunity for definite vocational education."

Women Unanimously for It.
"Of 600 women, housekeepers, professional and social workers, I have talked to, all expressed the strongest approval of vocational education. I speak for the District Federation of Women's Clubs, comprising about 5,000 women. Individual clubs, without a dissenting vote, have voted favorably on this proposition. The next meeting for a vote that will represent every one of these 5,000 women, I have no doubt but that it will pass."

Dr. Cora Smith King said vocational training was the best preventive of nervous breakdown complained of so frequently among children. Such nervous troubles, she said, denuded more work, not more idleness under the name of rest, in their treatment. Henry P. Smith, president of the Board of Education, thanked the speakers, and said the hands of the board were tied in many respects. He said there were statutory obstacles to be overcome even in the mild beginnings of an attempt toward vocational education at the Smallwood School, but hoped these would be overcome.

Among those who spoke for vocational training were: Mrs. A. Birney, a national officer of the Mothers' Congress; Mrs. Anna B. Sloane, a native of Sweden, who has studied abroad the methods there applied in this country; Mrs. George T. Smallwood, principal of Washington Seminary, representing 2,000 members of the D. A. B. W. W. Saunders, of the Columbia Heights Citizens' Association; Dr. Cora Smith King, of the National Council of Women Voters; Mrs. Nanette B. Paul, president of Paul Institute; Mrs. Ellis Logan, president of the District Federation of Women's Clubs; Mrs. William Harlan, president of the Home and School Association of the Seventh Division; Mrs. Lyman Keble, president of the Parents' League of the Third Division; Miss Elizabeth Timlow, of the Cloverdale School; and Dr. Lyman Keble, chief of the drug division, Department of Agriculture.

Sun and Air Baths May Cure Maladies Stubborn To Many Other Remedies

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG,
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An inquisitive servant who traveled in the tropics was amused to find the native negroes so powerful, yet without any poor in flesh and without nourishment. Though these husky, black giants eat little, their muscular strength is marvelous.

Prof. Nevens explains this anomalous fact as due to the capacity of the dark African skin to absorb the light. By virtue of the deep, black pigment in their almost naked skin the sun's rays are absorbed, and its energy is stored up in their muscles.

The strength and endurance of the uncivilized negro is out of all proportion to that of a white man. There can be no doubt of the stored-up energy that they receive from the sun. Since food is used to yield heat, energy and growth, there can be no doubt but that the light of the sun can in a measure replace some of the nutriment.

Sunlight and a fresh-air bath outdoors, even in bitter, cold weather, in the light of these facts, takes on a new meaning. An air bath, if we are to call it such, invigorates the tissues, adds energy to the vital reservoirs, and increases the oxidation and combustion within your body.

Air and Light Baths.
If an air bath is taken indoors or in the shade out-of-doors in mild weather, with practically all the skin exposed, heat is abstracted from the body. The cooler surrounding air, minus the sun's rays, continually draws away heat. Air baths taken at night exhibit this effect strikingly. When feverish, this is by no means the worst measure that may be taken.

Much more complex, indeed, the light bath, the effect of sunlight, plus air, are decidedly more intense. The fabric of human flesh gathers heat and energy

Instead of losing it. The temperature of the skin, no less than its activity, begins to rise. Forsooth, if too long a period of exposure occurs in other than cold weather, profuse perspiration and exhaustion may follow.

Accordingly, the air bath depends really upon the sunlight for its best influence. The basic spring of its power radiates from the sun. Judge Swing would resolve the science of physics still maintains that there are underlying analyses of heat, light, invisible rays, chemical, magnetic and other rays which are separated from heat. Perpetual energy in the absence of heat.

Sun Baths and Heat.
The beneficial effects to be obtained from a sunlight air bath in a comfortably heated sun parlor are easily confirmed. A thermometer thrust under the tongue ten minutes after the sun air bath is begun will be found to register a whole degree higher than before the sun bath began.

Many maladies, carelessly dubbed as neurasthenia, nervousness, "rheumatism," "uric acid," and the rest of the rhapsodic names for fixed emotions, aches, pains and worries, which are aided or even made worse by the usual methods of bathing, are greatly improved if given the sunlight-air-bath once a day.

Nay, even out-of-doors on a fresh, sunlit, winter day, a bath will raise the temperature of your living tissues. Moreover, the rise of temperature brought about by sunlight remains with you until nightfall. If you retire before 10 o'clock it is still present the next morning.

If perspiration appears, it means that the degree or fraction of a degree of heat is gone. To sweat in the sun and air bath means to lower the temperature. It is much the same as taking a water bath. Practically all water baths, either cold or warm, withdraw heat and energy from the tissues.

SEEN IN THE SHOPS By the Shopper

THE quaintest little morning gowns have appeared in a G street department store. They are of crepe, made very short-waisted and embroidered in silk with silk buttonholing around the edges. The skirts are accented and what woman can resist the lure of the pleated skirt? The price is \$1.10.

Have you bought a "blossom collar" for your new spring suit? You can get one of fine white lawn with dainty embroidery for 25 cents at an Elgin street department store. The name probably comes from the effect of two wing-shaped pieces that turn away from each other at the neck, much like the petals of a flower. Perhaps it is the face that is supposed to look more blossom-like rising from the snowy calyx. Fine pleats rise above the coat collar at the back. This bit of neckwear has been specially designed for the new suit coats that fit the neck closely at the back and turn front. Such a model is rather unusual unless brightened by a section of white between it and the face.

Chiffon always reminds one of debutantes, although there is no rule

in this respect. Colors are varied and charming, but white seems to lead in popularity. Dainty lacings of silver, steel or gold embroidery are some pretty trimmings, although the spring frocks will not be so elaborate.

Hoop skirts are being used, too, but not with the universal popularity which was foretold by anxious agitators when they first came out.

One lovely skirt seen at an opening recently had stuffs of narrow lace all the way down the skirt, from the pointed girdle to the hoop at the bottom, and tiny bow-knots of black velvet dotting the front. The bodies consisted of a simple flitch about the neck and shoulders, and tight, long sleeves. How many of our young girls will be willing to loosely draped gown of a season so ago has given them a taste of comfort which they will not forget. Elfin satin slippers with white silk stockings, are seen at a great many afternoon affairs. Taupe, champagne, and clocked stockings are worn with dark costumes and patent leather shoes, even on the street. Beaded and hand-painted stockings are attractive, although a bit uncommon.

DAILY EDITORIAL For Women Readers

Poise.

There is a woman up in New York State, who is accused of manslaughter, and took the stand last Tuesday in her own defense, explaining just what she did on the night of the death of Ballou, her elderly suitor.

Assuming that she is innocent, her actions followed the logic of the body of Ballou in the land landing just below her apartments were anything but coherent. It is a fact that with common sense and devotion, had she notified some one else of her discovery of Ballou, instantly, she would have been much clearer case.

But when she found Ballou, she carried him down stairs, and then returned through the hall, touching and taking his hat, carrying it up to her apartment, and then paced up and down the hall and bed.

How many women would have acted otherwise? How many women have ever prepared themselves for emergency? This is only one case where poise enters into the question of a woman's reputation, and perhaps her life.

Our grandmothers and great grandmothers were called upon day in and day out, in the early years of this nation's existence, to face every kind of emergency, and did so nobly. Is it possible that this generation is

not poised, and is not taught that a cool head in time of trouble is often the means of saving at least one's own life?

Assuming again that Mrs. Angle is guilty, her main defense is based upon the taken-for-granted theory that in time of trouble, and cannot depend upon to act consistently, therefore making any inconsistency, any lack of poise, a grave and conviction. In other words, the theory that "she acted incoherently when she shot the woman" is calmly used by the defense.

The times have not changed in some fundamental ways from those of our grandmothers. There are still Indians and mountain lions, and marauders with whom we must deal. We only call them by different names, and they perhaps sound less romantic.

Poise and resourcefulness are in a great demand today, as ever before, and should be recognized as necessary characteristics of the woman of the mother of every daughter.

An age of having nearly everything in the world done for us by others should not entirely eliminate the possibility of having some day to meet trouble alone and unattended.

Peter's Adventures in Matrimony

By LEONA DALRYMPLE.

IN THE MOONLIGHT.
THE night was very bright. We passed innumerable cars of men and girls, some of the noisier ones hailing us with abandon. Joan drove rather rapidly, I thought, but there was a sense of sureness in her touch that safety seemed assured. We passed innumerable cars, parked spaces back of the car, and glided on under the silver moon.

After a while Joan turned off the main road and began driving through the less populated streets of the city. The witchery of the night had caught us all, I think. What is that curious restlessness, the half-dreaming things that an hour ago had seemed of terrific importance? Joan was quieter now. Her face in repose was more beautiful than I thought. It shivered with cynical vivacity. And with the moon shedding witchcraft all about us I told her so.

"Peter, the immune!" she said softly. "Joan tantalizes Peter."

"What do you mean?" I asked. "You're armored so defiantly against me," she laughed.

"Not armored sufficiently to ignore your beauty," I said. Joan turned narrowed eyes upon me. "Yes," she reminded, "that is the first time you have told me I'm beautiful without sermonizing along with it. Do you like me at all, Peter?"

"Yes," I said. "I ought not, but I do." "Why shouldn't you?" "I think," I said unsteadily, "that you're a damn good-looking girl." "Why shouldn't you like me if Mary likes Hugh?"

And with a start I realized the presence of my wife upon the rear seat of Joan's car with Hugh Jaynes beside her. It was a transient consciousness. Something about the night made me forget that I dreamed Hugh too fond of her. It was one of the things whose importance the moment when I was in an excruciatingly honest facts, I turned back to Joan and dismissed my wife and Hugh from my mind. I think the careless acceptance of the situation had its root in a very real confidence in Mary. I was not the one other factor in my surrender was the dangerous charm of Joan Arbeck.

"After all," I thought, "it is for such a little time. Why may I not laugh and toss this foolish puff ball of flirtation back and forth with a clear conscience? It cannot go very far. To Joan I am merely an experience, a little less impressionable than the average, and to me she is merely an extravagantly pretty girl whose frank liking for me gratifies my vanity."

Business influences are insidious. They

play havoc at first by wrecking one's power of concentration. Then gradually the poisonous inroad starts. It was in the hands of Joan Arbeck, with coincidence tonight to flirt with Joan Arbeck.

What marvelous adroitness a clever girl uses to bring a man to her feet! She alternately pursues and flees, and so with Joan. From the minute I had first seen her, I had been overtaken by friendship had been insistent. Now to-night she had played her cards so cleverly that I was the aggressive one and she the passive. She was a little capricious, occasionally tender, never cynical. Afterward I was to know that she had formed a definite conviction of the type of girl I liked and was gracefully changing color like the chameleon to suit her mood.

And then suddenly Joan stopped the car with a bang, her face white. Framed in the glare of the big lights lay the figure of a man, dead apparently upon the road.

Joan caught my arm and clung to it. "Oh, Peter," she said, "what is it? I'm scared to death!"

WHAT THE "MAN" WAS.
SURELY Fate sends the harsh break in a mood sometimes to save us. The presence of that dark, stark figure ahead of the car was keeping over me with revulsion of feeling. Even while I was climbing out of the car I had a sickening sense of my own instability, a fiercely, self-critical realization that I was drifting far afield from the ideals of my people. Mary and I were slipping into the lax frivolity of unwholesome things.

We all descended from the car as quickly as we could and hurried toward the sprawling figure of the man upon the road. Joan was the first to bend over him. There was quick relief in her eyes, and then fright. "Peter," she said, "it's merely a stuffed man, a dummy! See, here, his sleeves are quite empty!" I touched him with my foot in some disgust. It was true enough, a ridiculous wobbly thing of clothes and straw. From the bushes came a faint rustle, and again Joan caught my arm. "Peter," she gasped tragically, "it's a hold-up, of course, I hadn't thought of that before. The dummy was to make us stop."

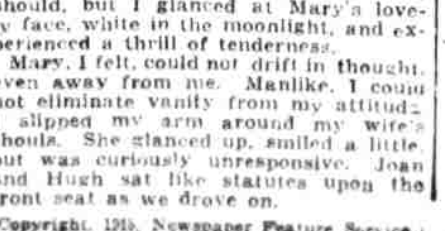
I glanced at Mary. She was white and shivering. There was keen consternation in the two girls at that moment. Joan, all white, steady courage. Mary tremulous with a real and pretty timid-

ity. Why are the women who are last good for the race always the bravest? Sweetness and tenderness seem to go hand in hand with timidity. Bravery likely is linked with self-assurance and a bold type of woman primed for conquest is always sure of herself. He comes to see me at the house, but never takes me anywhere. He says he still thinks more of me than any other girl, but will not renew our engagement. It was my fault that we quarreled. But I think he could forget it if he loved me. I love him, and I hope for him to come back. I am eighteen.

A HEART-BROKEN GIRL.

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